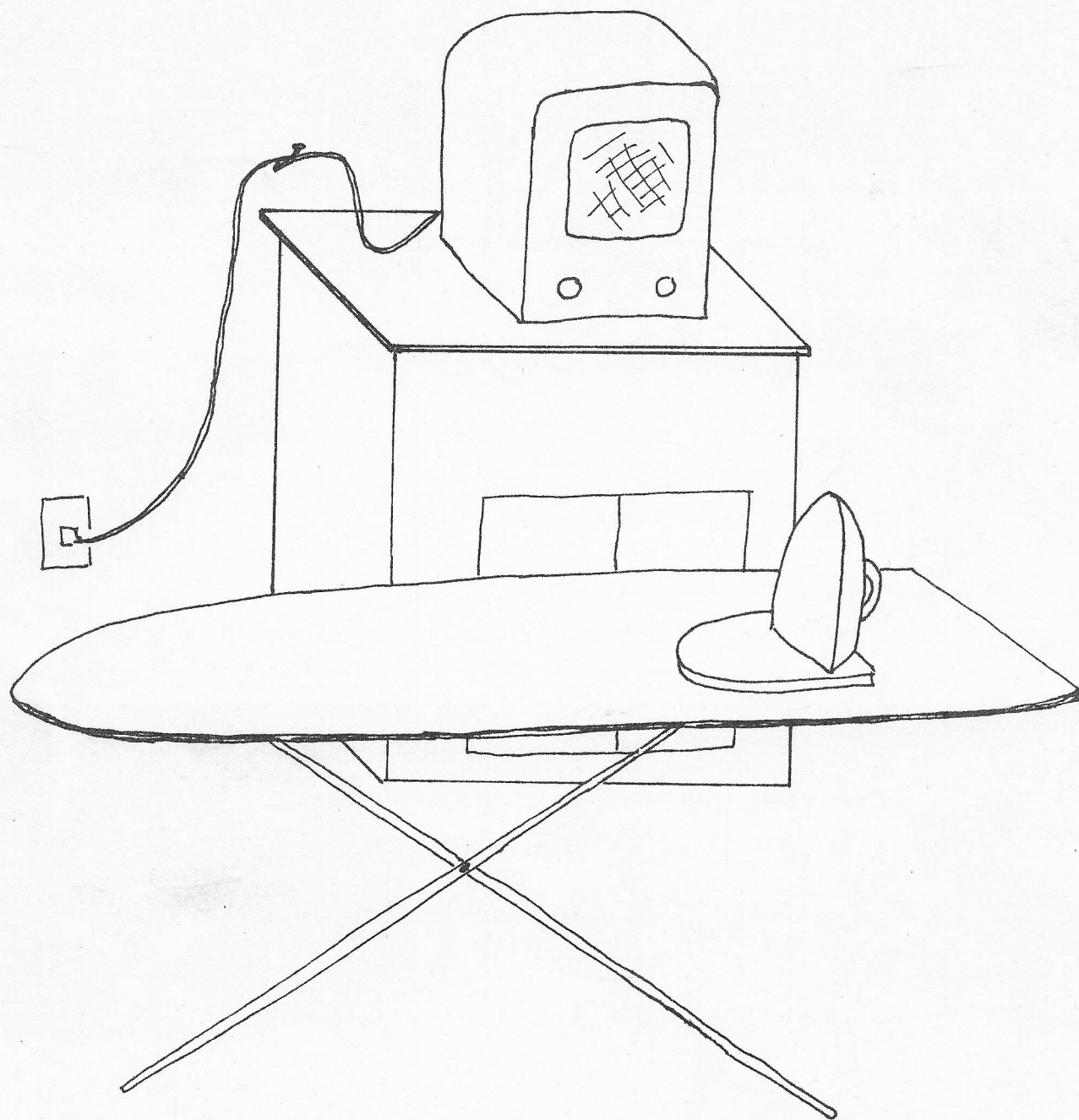


# RADIO IN DEPTH

ISSUE 12

JUNE, 1975



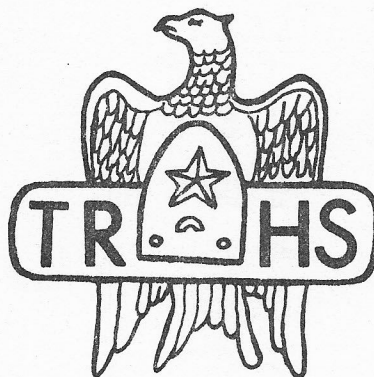
RADIO IN DEPTH

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PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH  
\$1.25 per Issue  
\$12.50 per Year  
P.O. Box 5184  
College Station, Texas 77844

ISSUE 12

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE IN <u>RADIO</u> IN DEPTH ?-----	1
A NOTE ABOUT THE TARZAN OF THE APES SCRIPT-----	2
TARZAN OF THE APES, EPISODE NO. 78-----	3

RADIO IN DEPTH is the official publication of the Texas Radio Historical Society !



WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE IN  
RADIO IN DEPTH ?

As the new editor, I am at a loss as to what you like to read. The time it takes to put together occupies most of my time away from work so I want you to enjoy each issue. I would hate to think we are wasting our time.

The next couple of issues will be made up of information I have in my files. After that it is up to the reader to choose the course of RADIO IN DEPTH.

To help me with this problem, please send a postcard with your answers the the following numbered questions to:

THE TEXAS RADIO HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
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College Station, Texas 77844

1. Do you want to see more printed scripts ?
2. Do you like the stories about the performers ?
3. Do you want to see more logs printed ?
4. Do you want to see more stories about programming ?
5. What are your favorite shows ?
6. What are your favorite performers ?
7. Do you have any material you would like to see us print ?
8. Would you like to see more cartoons ?

For those of you who are still waiting for your copy of the script to "The Fear That Creeps Like a Cat" it is still in the mill and will go out about Christmas time.

Marion D. Wedin



#### A NOTE ABOUT THE TARZAN OF THE APES SCRIPT

Collectors of taped RADIO know that at present there are only 77 Episodes of the 1933 series TARZAN OF THE APES in circulation. The Texas Radio Historical Society the right to print the remaining scripts. This issue is a reprint of one of those scripts. If you would like for us to reprint these scripts as part of the RADIO IN DEPTH RESEARCH LIBRARY please let us know.

Now sit back and hear again the voices of James Pierce and Joan Burroughs as you read Episode 78 of TARZAN OF THE APES.



TARZAN OF THE APES

Episode No. 78.

THEME: FORTY FIVE SECONDS.

BREAK: ONE MINUTE.

ANNOUNCER: TARZAN OF THE APES from the novels by Edgar Rice Burroughs, with Mr. James H. Pierce as Tarzan, and Miss Joan Burroughs as Jane Porter.

This is an American Gold Seal Production coming to you over the World Broadcasting System and associated stations.

Tarzan, after rescuing Jane from the pirate ship, takes her into the jungle with him, because he believes that her own party cannot adequately protect her. Meanwhile, Professor Porter's party is captured by the pirates. But Lieutenant d'Arnot escapes, and reaches the hut, where Jane and Tarzan have returned. Together, Jane, Tarzan and D'Arnot return to the pirate camp. Helped by a fight among the pirates, they attack; and under cover of the battle, Clayton, Philander, Professor Porter and Francois, run for the beached long-boat. Now! Are you ready? Hold your breath!

BEGIN ACT.

END ACT.

ANNOUNCER: Have Professor Porter's party escaped the pirates only to fall into the clutches of the blacks again?

BREAK: ONE MINUTE

THEME: FORTY FIVE SECONDS.

RECEIVED  
JAN 10 1940

TARZAN OF THE APES

Episode 78.

- - - - - SOUND - - - - - SURF - CLOSE. NOISE, COMMOTION OF BATTLE  
SHOTS - SLIGHTLY DISTANT.

Clayton: Into this boat, Professor!

Philander: If only I could have snatched up a rifle --

Francois: Get in, get in, messieurs! I will push the boat into the  
water!

Porter: It seems foolish to try to escape by boat.

Clayton: Never mind that, Now, Professor. It is our one hope.

- - - - - SOUND - - - - - SCRAMBLING INTO THE BOAT. PUSHING IT INTO  
THE WATER.

Porter: Shall I throw this shovel away?

Clayton: No, no! Keep it, Professor. It is a poor weapon, but the  
only sort of one we have at the moment.

Francois: Let us each take an oar, messieurs.

Philander: Yes; each of us except the Professor.

Clayton: Yes, Professor -- and you will sit in the stern-sheets, if  
you please.

Porter: Really, I'm not as ill as that. I can --

Philander: You will greatly aid us, Archimedes, if you will not argue.

Clayton: Come, come, row quickly! - before Snipes or one of those  
pirates catches sight of us.

Porter: Which way are we to go, Clayton?

Clayton: Down the coast -- toward the hut.

Philander: But, that way, we shall be in full sight of the Arrow!

Clayton: We'll have to chance it -- I believe --

Francois: Pardon, monsieur -- look there!

TELETYPE

Clayton: What is it, Francois?

Francois: They are putting over a boat from the Arrow.

Clayton: What rotten luck! I hoped they wouldn't see us until we had a minute or so start.

Porter: No use continuing, is there, and running head on into them?

Philander: We must, Archimedes -- unless we run the boat ashore again, and fall into the hands of Snipes and the pirates we have just left.

Clayton: No, by Jove! I have an idea. Swing the boat around.

Philander: What are you going to do, Clayton?

Clayton: Head the boat into the little stream that flows near the hut.

Porter: But that stream is not navigable, Clayton!

Clayton: It's high tide. We can get out of sight at any rate.

Francois: Monsieur, the boat is swinging. Give her a few good strokes with your port oar.

Clayton: Right, Francois. If we can run the boat up that stream, even for a few yards, then abandon it, and take to the jungle, we have a good chance of getting away from them.

Philander: Well, it is worth a try. We'll be no worse off than trying to outrun that long-boat that has just put over.

Francois: We could not do it, monsieur -- with only three of us to row.

Clayton: Quite right. Ah! Here is the mouth of the stream. Head in.

- - - - - SOUND - - - - - SURF FADES DOWN. SCRAPING OF BRUSH ALONG BOAT, ETC.

Philander: Watch your head, Archimedes. You were right, Clayton - the overhanging bushes make a very effective screen.



Porter: Can you see the other boat, now?

Clayton: Yes. They seem to have turned and are making for the pirate camp.

Philander: Re-inforcements. I hope that --

Porter: Hope what, Samuel?

Philander: I hope that something has happened to Snipes -- something unpleasant.

Clayton: I hope so too. This stream is rather smaller than I thought.

Francois: Use your oars as poles, messieurs. Here, I will show you.

Philander: I'm afraid we can't go much farther. It is too shallow, even for this boat.

Porter: We are quite out of sight of the beach, among the bushes here.

Clayton: Nevertheless, let us put as much distance as possible between ourselves and the pirates. Push, everyone.

-----  
- - - - - SOUND - - - - - THREE OR FOUR SCATTERED SHOTS - SHOUTING -  
SLIGHT DISTANCE.

NARRATOR: Up in the trees, Jane watches the mutineers battle among themselves. Her last few shots had given her father a chance to escape, but where he has gone, she does not know. She turns around, and sees Tarzan swinging rapidly toward her.

Jane: Oh, Tarzan!

Tarzan: Tarmangani fight each other, now.

Jane: Where are father, and Clayton and the others?

Tarzan: Tarzan doesn't know.

Jane: I saw Father running along the sand toward the other side of the headland. I didn't see the others.

Tarzan: They are gone. None of your people are here. Only the cruel tarmangani.

Jane: Then, we might as well go. Father and the others are evidently making their way, as best they can, through the jungle to the hut.

Tarzan: Where is D'Arnot.

Jane: I saw him a few moments ago, toward the other side of the camp. He was working his way back toward the tree where we separated.

Tarzan: All right. Jane ready to go?

Jane: Yes, I am ready.

Tarzan: All right. Tarzan get D'Arnot and we will go back to the hut.

---

NARRATOR: Tarzan picks Jane up from the branch, places his arm about her, and swings off toward where he had left D'Arnot. The sounds of the fight die out, as Tarzan rapidly makes his way from branch to branch. In spite of the speed at which he travels, the ape-man's keen eyes never leave the ground. Ah! There -- standing beside a great tree, is D'Arnot. Tarzan, with Jane held tightly to his side drops quickly to the ground.

---

D'Arnot: I was awaiting you, monsieur and ma'amselle. I knew you would not remain, after the Professor and the others made their escape.

Jane: Did you see which way they went, Lieutenant?

D'Arnot: No, I did not, ma'amselle Jane -- I only saw them running, and as I did not see them return, nor any of the pirates go after them, I assume that they made good their escape.

Tarzan: We will go to the hut, and wait. They will come.  
D'Arnot: Yes, that is what I, too, thought,  
Jane: All right. But I think we'd better walk.  
Tarzan: Jane not like to go in trees?  
Jane: Yes, I like them, Tarzan -- but you can not take both of us.  
Tarzan: All right, Jane.

---

NARRATOR: On foot, the three set off through the jungle toward the hut in the clearing.

Meanwhile, at the pirate camp, the fighting is over. Several still forms lie prostrate upon the sand. Snipes, a revolver in each hand, stands in the middle of the camp. Not far away is Carlos, lying prone upon the sand, but conscious.

---

Snipes: Come h'out 'ere, you scum! H'I ain't a-goin' ter shoot yer! This 'ere battle h'is h'all h'over.  
Carlos: (off) Might as well give in, boys. Snipes has the upper hand.  
King: (off) I'll surrender.  
Voices: (off) All right. I'll give in. Here's my gun. All over, boys, etc  
Snipes: Yer sees wot 'appens ter guys h'as tries ter cross Captink Snipes.  
Carlos: Sure, Snipes -- but you see that you let our prisoners get away in the meantime, don't you?  
Snipes: Ho! Don't worry yer 'ead abart that! H'I'm goin' ter get that there lootenant back 'ere, h'and when h'I gets fru wiv 'im h'I'll know ware that there treasure h'is 'id -- h'or there won't be no lootenant.



Carlos: Snipes, you're crazy as a loon.

Snipes: Look 'ere, Carlos. H'I don't want no more trouble 'ere -- so keep a ciwil tongue h'in yer 'ead.

Carlos: All right, Snipes. What I meant to say -- I don't think that lieutenant knows anything about the treasure.

Snipes: 'E told King 'e did h'and h'I still fink 'e knows - h'any'ow h'I'm a goin' ter find h'out.

Carlos: How are you going to do that?

Snipes: H'I'm a-goin' ter send two h'or free men h'over ter that 'ut h'and bring em back 'ere.

Carlos: All right, Snipes. But we've tried that a couple of times -- besides, we don't know he's at the hut. If you're absolutely set on getting that lieutenant we'll take the whole crew - except enough men to guard the Arrow -- and go over to the hut.

Snipes: Yus, Carlos, h'I fink yer right. That's the first suggestion wot you've made wot h'I agrees wiv.

Carlos: And after we get the lieutenant, Snipes -- you better let me work on him.

Snipes: Well, we'll see abart that h'after we gets 'im. (Shouts) Bo's'n! Signal the h'Arrer h'and tell 'em we wants h'every man h'as they can spare, h'ashore. We're goin' ter that bloomin' 'ut -- h'and we're not comin' back wivout the lootenant.

- - - - - SOUND - - - - - COMMOTION AMONG THE PIRATES, ETC.

NARRATOR: From the fringe of trees that circles the clearing, Jane, D'Arnot and Tarzan step out into the open before the hut. Tarzan steps quickly, easily and quietly across the few

NARRATOR:(cont) feet toward the door of the hut, lifts the latch and swings open the door.

- - - - - SOUND - - - - - LATCH. DOOR SQUEAK.

Tarzan: Nobody here. (Calls) Come on, Jane -- D'Arnot!

Jane: (off) I can't understand why they aren't here.

D'Arnot: (coming in) They have probably taken a round-about way here, ma'amselle. We must wait patiently.

Tarzan: Maybe father sick.

D'Arnot: Yes -- Professor Porter was still suffering from the after effects of the fever, when I left the camp, ma'amselle -- oh, nothing serious, you understand, but enough so that hikeing through the jungle might take him a little extra time.

Jane: Well, we might as well go into the hut, and wait.

- - - - - SOUND - - - - - CREAKING OF THE DOOR.

Tarzan: Shall Tarzan get Jane - D'Arnot - fruit to eat?

Jane: I don't want anything to eat right now, thanks, Tarzan. I've got too much on my mind.

D'Arnot: Let us wait until the others arrive, and all eat together.

Jane: The inside of this cabin looks like it had been through a cyclone. The first thing I'll have to do is to start in and clean it up.

D'Arnot: Listen!

Jane: What? Do you hear anything, Tarzan?

Tarzan: I hear Numa - Sabor - Sheeta - long way off. I do not hear tarmangani.

D'Arnot: I thought I heard a shout - but it must have been some other sound.

TARZAN OF THE APES

Episode No. 78.

Jane: Perhaps - it might have been a shout. Oh, dear! I wonder what can have happened!

Tarzan: Tarzan go out and look, Jane?

Jane: Yes, Tarzan. I don't like to ask you -- but I wish you would see if you can find Daddy -- Perhaps you can help them find their way here quicker through the jungle.

Tarzan: All right. Jane and D'Arnot stay here in the hut -- do not go into jungle.

D'Arnot: Of course, monsieur Tarzan.

Tarzan: Tarzan will go in the trees. Find father.

Jane: Oh, Tarzan. I hope you can find them.

Tarzan: Tarzan will find them. Don't worry!

---

NARRATOR: Tarzan steps quickly from the cabin, and swings up - up into the trees, back toward the pirate camp.

At the stream, Professor Porter, Clayton, Philander and Francois are aground in their boat.

Clayton: It's no use. We can't make another inch.

Philander: We have successfully eluded the pirates, at any rate, Cecil.

Porter: Yes, there are no sounds of pursuit.

Clayton: Good. Then let us drag the boat as far under the branches overhanging the stream as we can.

Francois: Permit me, monsieur. I will guide it.

- - - - - SOUND - - - - - SPLASH AS FRANCOIS JUMPS OVERBOARD.

Clayton: Thanks, Francois. I'll push with this stern oar.

- - - - - SOUND - - - - - CRACKLING OF BRUSH AS BOAT IS RUN UNDER BANK.



Clayton: All right. That will do, I think. We can at least find it again if we should happen to need it. Climb out, Professor.

Porter: I'm coming.

Philander: Here, take my hand, Archimedes.

Francois: Messieurs - we should not be far from the hut, if I have not become turned about in my bearings.

Clayton: About a mile, I figure it.

Philander: Well, let us procede at once. I'm sure that we shall find D'Arnot there.

- - - - - SOUND - - - - - CRACKLING OF BRUSH COMMENCES. CONTINUES.

Philander: Are you all right, Archimedes?

Porter: Why, yes, Samuel. As well as I can expect.

Clayton: If you become too fatigued, Professor, perhaps Francois and I can manage to carry you a little way.

Porter: No, no, Clayton. I shall do all right.

- - - - - SOUND - - - - - CRACKLING OF BRUSH FOR A MOMENT.

Francois: Messieurs!

Porter: What is it?

Philander: Blacks!

NARRATOR: And there, facing the little group of defenseless white men stands a party of black warriors; silent - menacing with drawn bows and spears upraised.

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